

Willmore. This can be none but my pretty Gipsy—Oh, I see you can follow as well as fly—Come, confess thy self the most malicious Devil in Nature, you think you have done my Bus'ness with Angelica—

Angelica. Stand off, base Villain— [She draws a Pistol and holds to his Breast.]

Willmore. Hah, 'tis not she: who art thou? and what's thy Business?

Angelica. One thou hast injur'd, and who comes to kill thee for't.

Willmore. What the Devil canst thou mean?

Angelica. By all my Hopes to kill thee—

[Holds still the Pistol to his Breast, he going back, she following still.]

Willmore. Prithee on what Acquaintance? for I know thee not.

Angelica. Behold this Face!—so lost to thy Remembrance! And then call all thy Sins about thy Soul, [Pulls off her Vizard.] And let them die with thee.

Willmore. Angelica!

Angelica. Yes, Traitor. Does not thy guilty Blood run shivering thro thy Veins? Hast thou no Horrour at this Sight, that tells thee, Thou hast not long to boast thy shameful Conquest?

Willmore. Faith, no Child, my Blood keeps its old Ebbs and Flows still, and that usual Heat too, that cou'd oblige thee with a Kindness, had I but opportunity.

Angelica. Devil! dost wanton with my Pain—have at thy Heart.

Willmore. Hold dear Virago! hold thy Hand a little, I am not now at leisure to be kill'd—hold and hear me— Death, I think she's in earnest. [Aside.]

Angelica. Oh if I take not heed, My coward Heart will leave me to his Mercy. [Aside, turning from him.] —What have you, Sir, to say?—but should I hear thee, Thoud'st talk away all that is brave about me: [Follows him with the Pistol to his Breast.] And I have vow'd thy Death, by all that's sacred.

Willmore. Why, then there's an end of a proper handsom Fellow, that might have liv'd to have done good Service yet:—That's all I can say to't.

Angelica. Yet—I wou'd give thee time for Penitence. [Pausingly.]

Willmore. Faith, I thank God, I have ever took care to lead a good, sober, hopeful Life, and am of a Religion that teaches me to believe, I shall depart in Peace.

Angelica. So will the Devil: tell me How many poor believing Fools thou hast undone; How many Hearts thou hast betray'd to ruin! — Yet these are little Mischiefs to the Ills Thou'st taught mine to commit: thou'st taught it Love.

Willmore. Egad, 'twas shreudly hurt the while.

Angelica. —Love, that has robb'd it of its Unconcern, Of all that Pride that taught me how to value it, And in its room a mean submissive Passion was convey'd, That made me humbly bow, which I ne'er did To any thing but Heaven. — Thou, perjur'd Man, didst this, and with thy Oaths, Which on thy Knees thou didst devoutly make, Soften'd my yielding Heart—And then, I was a Slave— Yet still had been content to've worn my Chains, Worn 'em with Vanity and Joy for ever, Hadst thou not broke those Vows that put them on. — 'Twas then I was undone. [All this while follows him with a Pistol to his Breast.]

Willmore. Broke my Vows! why, where hast thou lived? Amongst the Gods! For I never heard of mortal Man, That has not broke a thousand Vows.

Angelica. Oh, Impudence!

Willmore. Angelica! that Beauty has been too long tempting, Not to have made a thousand Lovers languish, Who in the amorous Favour, no doubt have sworn Like me; did they all die in that Faith? still adoring? I do not think they did.

Angelica. No, faithless Man: had I repaid their Vows, as I did thine, I wou'd have kill'd the ungrateful that had abandon'd me.

Willmore. This old General has quite spoil'd thee, nothing makes a Woman so vain, as being flatter'd; your old Lover ever supplies the Defects of Age, with intolerable Dotage, vast Charge, and that which you call Constancy; and attributing all this to your own Merits, you domineer, and throw your Favours in's Teeth,

upbraiding him still with the Defects of Age, and cuckold him as often as he deceives your Expectations. But the gay, young, brisk Lover, that brings his equal Fires, and can give you Dart for Dart, he'll be as nice as you sometimes.

Angelica. All this thou'st made me know, for which I hate thee. Had I remain'd in innocent Security, I shou'd have thought all Men were born my Slaves; And worn my Pow'r like Lightning in my Eyes, To have destroy'd at Pleasure when offended. —But when Love held the Mirror, the undeceiving Glass Reflected all the Weakness of my Soul, and made me know, My richest Treasure being lost, my Honour, All the remaining Spoil cou'd not be worth The Conqueror's Care or Value. —Oh how I fell like a long worship'd Idol, Discovering all the Cheat! Wou'd not the Incense and rich Sacrifice, Which blind Devotion offer'd at my Altars, Have fall'n to thee? Why woud'st thou then destroy my fancy'd Power?

Willmore. By Heaven thou art brave, and I admire the strangely. I wish I were that dull, that constant thing, Which thou woud'st have, and Nature never meant me: I must, like chearful Birds, sing in all Groves, And perch on every Bough, Billing the next kind She that flies to meet me; Yet after all cou'd build my Nest with thee, Thither repairing when I'd lov'd my round, And still reserve a tributary Flame. — To gain your Credit, I'll pay you back your Charity, And be oblig'd for nothing but for Love. [Offers her a Purse of Gold.]

Angelica. Oh that thou wert in earnest! So mean a Thought of me, Wou'd turn my Rage to Scorn, and I shou'd pity thee, And give thee leave to live; Which for the publick Safety of our Sex, And my own private Injuries, I dare not do. Prepare— [Follows still, as before.] —I will no more be tempted with Replies.

Willmore. Sure—

Angelica. Another Word will damn thee! I've heard thee talk too long. [She follows him with a Pistol ready to shoot: he retires still amaz'd.]